

Spirit Animals: Return of the Great Beasts

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Summary: Five kids. Five Nectar ceremonies. Five Great Beasts. 'Nuff said. Read and review! Please enjoy it and rated T because people yell at each other and its spirit animals. If you want an OC you will have PM me, and once again PLEASE review.

Spirit Animals: Return of the Great Beasts

****HELLO!** My other Spirit Animals fanfic The Keepers is currently on hiatus. I may continue it, but I may not. This is something I have had in my mind for a long time, but I forgot it for a while and I just remembered it! Also, has anybody noticed that Nilo is an anagram for lion? That's where they will find Cabaro, trust me! So please review, and enjoy, and review! ******

****~Gemstone.****

****Halawir****

Tray was having a rotten day from the start.

He didn't like rotten days, but he had them a lot, being a servant boy. He had been a servant boy for all his life, due to his parents not being able to feed him. His spirit animal ceremony was minutes away and he was still dressed in rags (his best rags, mind you.). Oh, well. Tray wasn't going to summon one anyway. Might as well go in rags.

Tray sat down on a bench, next to his twin sister Ray. Being born on February 19, he was lucky it was a leap-year. The symbol of his home, Halawir the Eagle, was displayed on a cloak that Tray had scrounged up the money to get for this very day. Tray lived in Levesque, Kiroh. Kiroh was in Hakwlas, a place very similar to Erdas. He was just east of Erdas, about two hundred and seventy miles out. Halawir was a national symbol to Kiroh.

Tray looked up at the Bluecloak that was offering the Nectar of

Ninani to him. Tray reluctantly stood, his sea green eyes falling upon the flask, wondering the taste. Almost timidly, Tray ran a hand through his auburn hair, than accepted the flask, cautiously taking a sip. The flavor exploded in his mouth, every taste bud feeling the firework of flavor that danced across his tongue. Tray was going back for more but the flask was gone, the only taste he would ever get still lingering in his mouth. Tray glanced to the sky. Nothing. He closed his eyes, knowing that he had no chance of summoning one anyway, but it still stung. When his eyes opened, a big raindrop flooded the sockets, forcing Tray to close them immediately and rub his eyes. The rain was falling harder now, a dark cloud fallen over all of Levesque. "Tray! Look!" he heard Ray call. They both were gifted with sharp eyes, so he easily spotted the bronze feathers in the gloom.

It was a large eagle; wings folded but head raised high and proud, even in the pouring rain. His vivid hazel eyes stared Tray down, and his neck and head were ivory, giving him the look of a bald eagle. His feet were scaly and talons long and sharp, beak sharp as well. Tray wondered where this majestic animal had come from. It definitely could NOT be his spirit animal.

But alas, one man steeped out from the shocked crowd. His face was tan and weathered, and he was tall and a green cloak was draped across his shoulders. The belt he wore had a moose head emblem on it. He walked up to Tray and began to open his mouth, to speak. It was in the moment that Tray understood fully what was going on. This man was here to take him, and Tray's new spirit animal, which had just landed on his shoulder. Tray turned his head to meet Halawir the Eagle's, and to his surprise, Halawir was already staring right back into his eyes. And Tray knew exactly what to say to this man. Before the man spoke, Tray did. "I'm not finished here," Tray had to shout to the man because of the storm. "It's my sister's ceremony too!" Tray, despite being shy most of his life, stared defiantly into the man's eyes. The man looked away first. He simply nodded, and disappeared, easily blending back into the crowd of Levesquese citizens. Tray let out his breath, and absentmindedly reached out to stroke Halawir's feathers. The bird clucked happily, and Tray sat back down on the bench. This ceremony wasn't over yet.

****Cabaro****

Ray was having trouble believing her eyes. She blinked, rubbed them, and slapped herselfâ€" nothing. This was real, and her brother Tray had summoned Halawir the Eagle. The rain had been too loud for her too understand Tray and the strange man's conversation, but she understood snippets of it: "Sister's ceremony," and "Not finished here," not exactly in that order. But Ray was definitely smart enough to get the vibe that Tray didn't like this man. So neither did she. Ray felt her short-ish auburn hair slicked against her neck from the downpour. Her own raggedy clothes were also slicked down to her body. The Bluecloak gestured to her. No matter how rattled he was, he was determined to finish this ceremony, and for that Ray was very grateful. Without hesitation, Ray walked up to the Bluecloak, accepting the flask with only the slightest hesitation. Ray, always impulsive, still only took a tiny sip. It was sweet beyond anything Ray had ever imaginedâ€"the flavor danced across her tongue in an explosion of flavor and taste. The sweetness raged throughout her entire mouth, soothing the base of her throat. Ray was preparing to take one more sip, even though she was only supposed to take one, but

the flask was quickly pulled away. Pfft.

Nothing happened, and Ray didn't expect anything to. Tray called _Halawir_â€"wasn't that enough for both of them? However, the pain of it still stung. It was like just another scratch, but one over many others just earned. Ray shut her eyes tightly to block it out. She should be happy for Tray! And just as she was about to go congratulate her brother and open her eyes, an extremely bright light flashed in front of her, and an intense heat washed over Ray's body. For a second, she feared she was on fire. But that was not the case. Ray tentatively opened her eyes, and before her she saw something she had never expected to see.

Ever.

A majestic golden lion stood in the downpour, black, black eyes staring back into Ray's sea green ones. He was incredibly large for a lion, with a great mane of golden fur. He had wicked sharp canines, and moved with a feline grace that no human could master. His long tail had a tuft at the end, and it swung from side-to-side, and his paws moved with a concrete-solid confidence that could be copied by none. He raised his head, looking every bit the amazing thing a lion is. It was in that moment Ray knew why groups of lions and lionesses were called a pride. With one great, powerful leap, the lion was by Ray's side. Ray didn't know how this was possible, or why this amazing animal had come to her when she called. But she did know that this was the Great Beast Cabaro the Lion, and that he was her spirit animal. Ray ran her hand through his mane. He gave a sound of content, a deep purr that expressed him quite well. Ray glanced at Tray, and saw the goofy smile on his face, realizing that her face must be sharing the same grin. Tray's smile disappeared fast, though, and was replaced by a hard look when Ray noticed that the man Tray had spoken to earlier had stepped out of the crowd. Tray didn't have to beckon; Ray knew, and she hurriedly speed-walked over to her twin brother, Cabaro walking behind her with the same spunk he had carried before. As the man approached, Cabaro sat on his haunches, which made him taller. Halawir perched on Tray's shoulder, eyeing the approaching man testily. The man kept coming, the spirit animals not faltering his stride an inch. Ray felt worry bubble up in her throat. This man could be a threat.

He finally stopped in front of the twins. Ray had always shared a special connection with Tray—he called it telepathy, she called it weirdness. But they had always been able to speak to each other with their minds. And Ray didn't have to guess that that was the way Tray wanted them to communicate. _What should we do? _Ray heard Tray's voice inside her head. _Let's wait and see what's going on first, and then decide, _Ray replied, knowing Tray would hear her. "My name is Olvan," began the man. The rain had let up to a soft sleepy drizzle, so he was able to speak quietly and they heard. "I am from Erdas, and leader of the Greencloaks. I am here to—"

"I know why you're here," Tray interrupted. Olvan raised an eyebrow. "To take us away," Tray clarified. Olvan's face fell. "That was not the intention. I am here to ask you nicely to come with us." It was the twins' turn to raise an eyebrow. "'Us'? What 'us'? There is only you!" Ray exclaimed hotly. "Actually, um I am here with a boy who has also summoned one of the Great Beasts." Ray rolled her eyes. "Great." Tray covered a snicker with some coughing. Olvan's face told the rest "he was asking them the question he had really come to ask.

_How about it? _Ray asked her brother. She sensed nothing immediately wrong with Olvan, and neither did Cabaro, apparently. He had been silent during the entire exchange. _Halawir seems fine with himâ€| I'll try it, I guess, _was Tray's rueful reply.

****Ninani****

Kai was trying to calm himself.

With every passing moment, he was freaking out more and more. Today was his nectar ceremony, and his eleventh birthday. Kai belonged to a wealthy family, and he was usually calm and sure of himself. He was well-practiced in battle and stealth, but at stressful times like this, he could be a total head case by the time the event started. Kai smoothed his red shirt and jeans down, and then ran a hand through his spiky chocolate brown hair to mess it up. Finally, Kai took a deep breath, and stepped up onto the podium, facing the Bluecloak. Bluecloaks were the Greencloaks of Hakwlas, and Kai was very near one of their bases. He lived in Prongs, Lycamore. Lycamore, Kiroh, Feludse, and Grole, the three countries of Hakwlas. Thinking of his background, a proud Lycamoran citizen, calmed him somehow. Kai didn't care why, but he was just glad it did.

Several animals were crowded around the podium to enlist the luck that Kai would summon a spirit animal. He wished he summoned something on the gentler sideâ€Kai, although he could fight, didn't like to. It wasn't a major hobby of hisâ€secretly he had trained as a healer. He let nobody know of this, of course. The Bluecloak removed the flask from his belt pocket. It was clear, so Kai could see the liquid inside. It was iridescent, like water. He trusted the liquidâ€his father had produced a mighty lynx from it, after all. Kai accepted the drink and sippedâ€just a small one. Even though his father had described its awesomeness, Kai wasn't sold in its taste yet. He was rightâ€it carried a bitter taste that made him almost hack. It was like the bitter-melon tea Kai had been forced to drink when he had come down with a bad fever when he was four. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, but lightning crackled throughout it. The air lit up with electricity. A large bolt of lightning struck down, closer than Kai had ever beenâ€and as it retreated, a swan remained.

It was slightly large for the species, with glassy eyes that reflected the world. She had black lines on her face, and a long, flat yellow beak. Her feathers were ivory, and she opened her brilliant white wings, flapping them once testily. She stood close to the ground, but stared easily at Kai all the same. A swan. Nobody summoned swans, because Ninani had been a swan, and Ninani was a Great Beast. But here was this swanâ€with reflecty eyes. Kai looked hard at it; sure his eyes were playing tricks on him. But they weren't. A swan was actually standing in front of him. A woman and a Niloan girl stepped up from the crowd. The Niloan had a leopard tattoo, meaning the spirit animal was dormant on her arm. The woman had no tattoo in sight, but he was sure it was there. Cautiously, Kai bent down and stroked Ninani's feathers. The swan cooed in relief; it felt good to her.

The stranger woman approached Kai; he was instantly on guard. He had no idea who she was. His hand traveled to the hilt of his katana on his belt. It was black leather and encrusted with emeralds and rubies, but it was a worthy sword. Kai was glad to have it by his side. Ninani, useless as a swan may be in battle, spread her wings

wide and ducked her head disapprovingly. Immediately, the Niloan released her spirit animal—a leopard that was very obviously Uraza. Ninani didn't falter her stance, and Uraza took hers. Although they both may be Great Beasts, they would fight with their person. The woman raised her hand at the Niloan. The Niloan girl looked suspicious, but murmured to Uraza, and the leopard backed off, too. Ninani folded her wings, but still shot a piercing glare at the strangers. "I am Lenori of the Greencloaks, in Erdas." Kai did nothing. The Greencloaks wanted him? To take him away from his continent to Erdas, a stranger land? Apparently, Kai thought to himself. "I won't push you to take our vows"

"Take your vows. Really. I'm not taking any vows. Not to Erdas. To the Bluecloaks, maybe. But I'm from Hakwlas. I won't be saying any of your vows, and I'll be wearing a blue cloak if I wear any." The Niloan seemed very ready to unleash Uraza on Kai, but Kai was ready. Ninani released calmness on him, an easiness that helped him easily think out his strategy. Useful, that swan. The girl drew her bow. Lenori took a step back. "Will you come with us, then? We can help you." Kai looked down at Ninani. "The Bluecloaks can help me too." The girl shook her head. "It's not their battle. The Conquerors aren't at Hakwlas—their in Erdas, and we need your help to save it." Lenori glanced at the girl. "Abeke," she said, in a calm voice, but it was a warning to say no more. Kai looked at Ninani. The swan looked at him, with those oddly calming, reflecting eyes. A sense of sensibility settled upon him, helping him think about this. Ninani seemed fine around these Erdas citizens.

Kai trusted Ninani. Even though he had met her just five minutes ago, he felt very close to her—spirit animal thing, he guessed. Ninani stared back at him, and as she did, Kai knew what she wanted him to do, and what he wanted to do. "Okay," he said, his voice surprisingly firm and steady. "I'll go."

****Tellun****

In the Hundred Isles of Erdas, Luna was deciding if she should take a boat and sail away before her ceremony, to spare the embarrassment. She had no chance of calling a spirit animal, and the Hundred Isles was a poor area in the first place. She wore simply a T-shirt, vest, and pants—chestnut hair down, no makeup (they didn't have any anyway). She took one shaky breath and exited the door (which was a curtain). A walkway lined with people waited for her. Luna had been a fairly popular girl throughout the Hundred Isles, though they rarely summoned spirit animals, everybody wanted her to. But most knew it would never happen. Honestly, Luna had lost understanding of why they even held the ceremony here anymore. It was more pointless than somebody trying to swim from Erdas to Hakwlas. But here she was, spending her only eleventh birthday pointlessly drinking the Nectar of Ninani and suffering embarrassment. A Greencloak stood at the end of the aisle, looking bored. Luna only felt slightly offended—he should be bored, because nothing was going to happen. Luna felt every gaze on her as she walked up to the Greencloak and knelt.

"Receive the Nectar of Ninani." A small woven bowl was handed to her, with only a couple drops of Nectar pooled in the bottom. Being a cautious girl most of her life, Luna testily drank. The flavor was unlike anything she had ever tasted—smooth but thick like molasses, with a taste like butter on syrup, but better—nothing could match it. She wanted to have more, but the bowl was now empty. One taste,

one swallow, one drink. It was all she would ever get of the Nectar. Luna had only seen a spirit animal be summoned once, and still that was in Zhong. A soft radiance had appeared behind the citizen, and a crow had flown out. There was nothing soft or gentle about the sensation that overtook Luna's body. It was a feeling of intense heat, like she was on fire. The pain did not relent—it only seemed to get worse becoming more focused and hotter. A great bonfire appeared, right in front of Luna. The heat was almost unbearable. This was not what she had expected—she hadn't really expected anything. The fire died down, leaving a perfect circle of scorched black dirt. However, something from the fire remained. There, not seeming to have even come from a fire at all was a great elk, its coat the mixed color of silver, bronze, and gold. Its eyes never seemed to choose a color—one minute they were blue, the next brown, and so on. They continued to change, and did not stop. It had a set of ivory horns perched upon his head, and stood tall and proud, not for a second doubting himself or losing an inch of confidence. He was very large for an elk and stared right at Luna, but easily and nonchalantly.

The crowd was silent and very bewildered. Nobody moved, or spoke, or made any kind of sound—well, except for the elk, which was now standing proudly and easily by Luna's side. Luna was still processing this. She had summoned an elk. But that was impossible. Tellun, the most powerful of the Great Beasts, was an elk, and spirit animals were never the same species as the Great Beasts. Was it just by random chance that the elk had appeared? No, because it had come from a fire. This, no matter how Luna denied it, was her spirit animal, and it was Tellun the Elk.

Out in the wild, this giant animal would have scared Luna half to death (the only things in the Hundred Isles were lizards and insects—and some rodents and small birds). But here, she felt it nuzzle her shoulder, and the fire ceased. Instead, she felt calm, sure of herself, and wise beyond her years. She also felt like she wanted to run and never stop. Crowds suddenly frightened her. And then the moment was over. Weirdered out, Luna glanced at Tellun, who only gave her a goofy grin. Funny. Nobody spoke, still. A man and two children who had been standing curiously beside the Greencloak stepped forwards. Luna was instantly on guard. Now that she had summoned Tellun, she knew people were after her—good or bad. Luna had never been particularly fond of the Greencloaks—but considering the circumstances—

Luna warily eyed the man and children, but Tellun was very relaxed. However, sensing Luna's alarm, he gave a grunt and perked his ears, suddenly becoming very alert and ready. As the man prepared to speak to the crowd, the boy of the two children whispered to Luna: "You know what he's going to ask. I suggest you come, but you don't have to join them. I didn't." Luna glared suspiciously at the boy, and he raised both hands in mock surrender, backing away. Amayans.

Tellun, too, shot him a glance, but not a glare—just a simple warning glance to stay away. If Luna didn't trust them, she realized, Tellun would raise suspicions as well. The man was ready to speak, and this is what he said: "People of the Hundred Isles, in out time of need, Tellun the Elk had returned!" Luna rolled her eyes. Newsflash.

****Gerathon****

Kassidy was very prepared for her nectar ceremony. Kassidy was the second child of the King of Grole, which was located in Hakwlas. Kassidy lived in Elphwa, Grole, and was very wealthy. Her older brother, Cam, had summoned a stoat when he had drunk the Nectar; her father, a kite, and her mother, a fox. Everybody in Elphwa expected Kassidy to summon a spirit animalâ€”Kassidy expected it, too, but didn't hope or set her heart on what she wanted it to beâ€”she waited to see. Kassidy had always been a patient girl, unlike Cam, her mother, and father. Often, the family joked about where she had gotten it from (the most accurate one was her mother's fox). Kassidy smoothed her dress and cape before approaching the Bluecloak she just happened to be friends with. Shan was holding a glass out to Kassidy and beside him was a stranger. Kassidy glimpsed the Nectar at the bottomâ€”it was swirling around the glass. There was only a mouthful worth. Kassidy gladly accepted the cup.

Briefly she wondered what the taste would be likeâ€”bitter, sweet, or sour? As the Nectar met her tongue, the flavor made her twist up her face. Sour. It was like a five lemons and five limes combined, times ten. Kassidy forced herself to swallow, hoping that whatever came would be worth the taste.

For the first time in a very long time, inky black clouds covered the sun. The downpour came down, not even starting at a drizzle. It was like somebody has just poured a never-ending bucket of water on top of Elphwa. Definitely not worth the taste. The rain wasn't soothingâ€”it was actually sort of painful, the drops hammering at anything they could find. There was no lightningâ€”no light at all and Kassidy could barely see. She didn't close her eyes, because she was sure something would appear. Somethingâ€”

But, Kassidy realized, do I want something to appear? If there had been no black clouds, yes. If there had been no painful downpour, yes. But now Kassidy wasn't so sure. This could mean a bad spirit animal would come forth, one Kassidy didn't want. She wanted a spirit animal, yes. But did she want an evil spirit animal if that was what she was going to get? No. The thought came so easily, so immediately, that Kassidy just knew. _

This was bad.

A circular glow came from the onyx clouds. It came down parallel to Kassidy, and she followed its progress with her eyes. The glow landed just in front of her. And as it dissipated, the storm withdrew very suddenly. The rain stopped easily, the sun came back, and light came once again. But one dark thing remained, and coiled in front of Kassidy; head raised and looking very threatening, was a cobra.

It had jet-black scales and jade eyes. It was very large for the species, and stared at Kassidy with a very intense gaze matched by none. There was nothing alarming about itâ€”it was just a very large, green-eyed, black scaled cobra. There was no sound. The cobra was the only thing that moved. She coiled around Kassidy's ankle, but loosely, and in no way of harming. It was just a show of affection from the great majestic serpent. A child broke the silence. "It looks like Gerathon," he pointed out. Not in any way of hatred, just in a way of saying so. But when Kassidy looked up from the intimidating snake, she glanced at the people's faces. She had never been looked at in that way before. Stares. Not stares of curiosity or amazement,

but stares of horror and fear. Because this serpent was, no doubt, the Great Beast known as Gerathon the Serpent. And now people weren't just afraid of her, they were afraid of Kassidy too.

And suddenly Kassidy felt very significant, a thing in Hakwlas that would be told about for decades, but not a bedtime story—a horror story at a campfire. Kassidy felt tears welling in her eyes as she stared back at the citizens of Elphwa. Kassidy never asked to summon this great reptile, but she had come anyway, and now people were afraid of Kassidy because of it. The sudden fear in the air was because of Kassidy's spirit animal, Gerathon. And none of it was Kassidy's fault. But it was happening anyway. She realized that this was how life was. Kassidy wanted to leave. Really bad. The blank stares on peoples faces freaked her out, because not only were they staring at Gerathon, they were staring at her.

Kassidy shamefacedly turned away from the people, forcing Gerathon to get comfortable once more. Annoyed, Gerathon gave a gentle hiss at her. "Sorry," Kassidy whispered. Though it may be this cobra's fault that people showed such fear at Kassidy now, she forced herself not to worry. This was her spirit animal, and there was nothing she could do about it. So she decided to bond with Gerathon—just try to be a regular person of the Marked. But Kassidy knew that now, that would never happen. The Bluecloaks would never agree to let her in upon their ranks. The man beside Shan, the stranger, moved, breaking the quiet moment of shock and bewilderment that had rippled throughout all of Elphwa. "I can help you," he spoke softly to Kassidy. "My people will help you. Will you come and join us?" Kassidy nodded. She didn't even think more than a second. "I want to leave Hakwlas and never come back," she decided. "I don't want all of my old friends to look at me like I'm a monster."

****Reunited****

Tray still didn't fully trust this Olvan dude, but Halawir seemed to, and so did Ray and Cabaro. He trusted Halawir, so he said they would come. And—oh yeah, he trusted Ray and Cabaro too—but Halawir the most. The eagle was very stubborn, but he seemed to trust Tray too. Tray had promised him as much as himself that he wouldn't let him down. Now, Tray lay down in the grass, his pack a pillow, and watched Halawir glide up on the thermals. The eagle looked even more majestic soaring in the sky, his natural habitat. Nearby, Ray was spending some quality time with Cabaro. Tray would have been doing the same, but it was hard to spend quality time with a bird that wanted to fly all of the time.

Tray understood why. If he were a bird, he would want to fly, too. But he needed to strengthen his bond with Halawir, and it wasn't going to be easy if the eagle was gone all of the time. Ray was having no trouble bonding with Cabaro; however Tray easily noticed that lions didn't have wings. Halawir suddenly folded his wings and dove at astonishing speed—Try was sure he would flatten himself. Sitting up in alarm, Tray watched Halawir's progress. At the last second, Halawir opened his wings, and flapped in place, issuing a piercing cry. Tray felt Ray's eyes on him. "What was that for?" she called, annoyed. Tray turned to his twin. "I dunno. I think he saw something." As if agreeing, Halawir landed on Tray's shoulder and bobbed his head, nodding. Birds. "He definitely saw something," Tray decided. Ray was over there with Cabaro at her heels in an instant. "Like what?" she asked, concern edging into her tone. "Nothing

dangerous," Tray assured her quickly. However, he wasn't so sure himself. He hand rested on the hilt of his dagger, gifted to him by the Greencloaks. He sported a black cloak, because he hadn't agreed to the vows just yet. He wasn't so sure he wanted to spend his life protecting Erdas if he was from Hakwlas. However, Ray had already spoken the vows, and a forest green cloak was blowing behind her in the slight breeze. Tray looked at the Greencloak building, and then pointed. "Look! They must be the others, and the kids who summoned the Four Fallen." What Tray saw was a group of six children strolling towards him, three girls and three boys. Four of the children were to the east, and the other two were in the west direction. The four to the east were obviously the children who summoned the Four Fallen—"two of the four kept glancing suspiciously at the two others. The Four Fallen was out and lumbering along with their Marked person—the boy had a swan on his arm. A _swan. _Tray used to know some boys who would bust out laughing if they saw. The girl was aloft a great majestic elk. Tray stroked Halawir as he felt him tense, and noticed that Ray was absentmindedly doing the same.

The children got there, a Greencloak in between them. It was not Olvan the one who had brought Tray and Ray here. This was a different man, with no spirit animal or spirit animal tattoo in sight. He smiled warmly at the twins, but Tray knew that only Ray returned the smile. Honestly, Tray didn't feel like smiling, so he didn't. Conor, the boy who had summoned Briggan the Wolf, smiled at them, all friendly like. Conor had gone with Olvan to retrieve Ray and Tray, and he was very kind to them. Tray decided easily that Conor was his friend. Halawir liked and trusted him, and Tray felt that Halawir was right. Rollan, the child who had summoned Essix the Falcon, looked goofy and had no green cloak either. Tray felt good to know he wasn't alone. Meilin, who had summoned Jhi the Panda, was stunning, but as she glared at Tray, he felt like shrinking. However, Halawir gave Meilin an annoyed screech. He was not happy that this girl was intimating Tray. Tray smiled and stroked his bird. "Thanks buddy." Halawir cooed at him, as if to say, _no problem. _Abeke, who had summoned Uraza the Leopard, walked with the grace of the big cat. Tray noticed Uraza eyeing Ray and Cabaro uneasily. Cabaro, being larger than the regular lion, was bigger than her, and Tray could tell that Uraza didn't like it.

The girl riding the elk, who Tray decided was Tellun, looked somewhat shy and a little annoyed. Tray easily decided that she was not from Hakwlas, but from Arctica maybe or the Hundred Isles, considering her tan skin. She had chestnut hair and annoyed dark brown eyes. The boy with the swan had a scar over his right eye, and dark brown hair along with gray-blue eyes. His skin was tanned, too, and he was no doubt Lycamoran. Tray was relieved to have somebody from Hakwlas here with him. The boy managed a smile at Tray. "Kai," he said, lightly introducing himself. His tone was friendly, and Tray decided that Kai was his friend, too. "Tray," Tray replied with a smile.

Kai held out his hand, and Tray shook it. After introducing herself, Ray shook Kai's hand, too. The Greencloak with the kids smiled at Tray and Ray. "I'm Tarik," he introduced himself. "This is Meilin, Rollan, Conor, and Abeke, and over here is Luna." There was smiling and hand-shaking all around. "I'm guessing you are Tray, and you are Ray." Tray shrugged. "Maybe." Tarik seemed to find this funny. Tray smiled. "It was Halawir, wasn't it?" Tarik returned the grin. "Maybe." _Should we be mingling? _Tray heard in his mind.

Ray.

_Probably, _Tray replied to his sister. He knew that Ray knew that he did not want to tell these newcomers about their little telepathy ability. That could wait. As Tarik left, proper introductions were made. Tray liked listening as first Rollan, then Meilin, then Abeke, then Conor, then Kai, and finally Luna traded stories of their background. Tray had always been more of a listener. But when it was him and Ray's turn, Ray looked to him. And Tray realized that _he _was supposed to speak. "Umâ€|" Tray began, just but himself some time to think. What should he say? Being a servant boy was nothing much to be proud of. "Well, um, Ray and I were servants to separate families in different cities in Levesque, Kiroh, in Hakwlas. Our parents didn't have enough money to feed us, so we were sent off. I was a multi-purpose servantâ€"I cooked, cleaned, set the table, and you know, did servant stuff. I dunno what Ray did. For our Nectar ceremony, Ray was able to come to Levesque. I summoned Halawir, she summoned Cabaro. That's all." Tray's story had been a lot shorter than the others, but there was nothing much to tell. For all of his life he had been a servant boy, and nothing much exciting happened, except for that day when he summoned Halawir.

But what Tray did know was that soon enough, his life would be filled with enough adventure to make up for the lost time.

I know, it was super long! I hope you still liked it. Review and tell me if you want shorter or chapters of the same length. This took an half after noon and entire evening to type, so if I do same length, I may update less frequently because of school. It is just starting and I'm not very happy with itâ€" but I will find time for this and my only other story that is currently not on hiatus, a Changewing's Tale for How to Train Your Dragon. PLEASE review and look out for chapter two!

~Gemstone

**P.S nobody tell Gemmy I was here, but review!**

**~Rainwing**

End
file.